BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

Several Pamphlets written for, and against the Author of the Asses Complaint against Balaam, or the Cry of the Country against Ignorant and Scandalous Masters.

Together with some choice

Observations

Upon them all.

By *Leonard Blant* Esq;

LONDON,

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THE
Asses complaint against Balaam;
Or the Cry of the
COUNTREY
AGAINST
Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

To the Reverend Bishops.

YE *mitred Members* of the *House* of *Peers*,
The *Kings Churchwardens*, and *Gods Overseers*,
Fathers in Christ, we your poor *children* cry
Oh give us *Bread of life*, or else we *die*.
For we are burd'ned with our old *Sir Johns*,
Who when we ask for *Bread* do give us *stones*;
And only cant a *Homily* or two,
Which *Dawes* and *Parrots* may be taught to do;
Drunkards Canonical, *Unhallowed Bears*,
That name *God* oftner in their *oaths* then *prayers*.
Into what darkness will our Church be hurl'd,
If such as these be call'd *The light o'th' World?*
These that have nought to prove themselves devout,
Save only this, *That Cromwell turn'd them out.*

Mistake us not we do not mean those loyal
And learned soules, who in the fiery tryal
Suffer'd for *King* and *Conscience sake*, let such
Have double Honour, we shall ne're think much;
But this our tender conscience disapproves,
That *Ravens* should return as well as *Doves*;
And *croak* in *pulpits*, once again to bring
A second Judgement on our *Church* and *King*.
Though *England* doth not fear another losse,
'Cause God hath burn'd his Rods at *Charing Crosse*;
Yet *Clergy sins* may call him to the Door
Ev'n him who *whip'd* and *scourg'd* them out before.
Oh therefore ye that read the sacred Laws
Eject their *Persons*, and disown their cause:
God & the *King* have both condemn'd this crew,
Then let them not be *patroniz'd* by *you*.
'Tis not their *Cassocks*, nor their *Surplices*,
We quarrel at, there is no hurt in these;
We own their *Decency*, yet every *Fool*
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that weares a *Cowle*;
Were *grace* & *learning* wanting, (by your leaves,)
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn Sleeves*;
'Tis *Aarons breastplate*, and those *sacred words*
Become a *Churchman* best, THAT THAT my Lords,
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,
Would all our Curates were but such as he!
Pardon my Lords, we do not make this stir,
To vindicate the *factious Presbyter*;

We

We hate his wayes, and equally disown
The *zealous Rebell* as the *Idle Drone*;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk* of *Scotland*, as the *Sea* of *Rome*;
We pray for Bishops too, Oh may ye stand
To heal the sad distractions of the Land;
Then give us *Priests*, Loyal and painfull too,
To give to *Cæsar*, and to us our due.

God save King *Charles* our Christian faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LOyal and Orthodox *Reader*, Judge charitably, I am neither *Presbyterian* nor *Phanatick*, but as true a Son of the Church of *England* as thy self; for thy further satisfaction. I shall (God willing) present thee with another paper, to clear my honest intention in this.

Lewis Griffin.

OBSERVATION.

THis Gentleman begging our Charity, in this place we ſhall ſay little of him, nor charge him with being that which he deſires to be excuſed from; but whoever ſeriouſly conſiders this copy of verſes as they are in themſelves, (let him pretend to be never ſo true a Son to the Church of England, *thereby to take off the Aſperſion of a* Phanatick*) ſhall find him to verifie the old* Engliſh *Proverb, that* he is neither fleſh, nor fiſh, nor good red herring: *any thing, or nothing.*

A SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
ASSES Complaint againſt BALAAM,
Or the Cry of the
COUNTREY
AGAINST
Ignorant and Scandalous Miniſters.

AVaunt ye *ſmooth-tongu'd flatterers* of the age;
Præſto ye *meal-mouth'd Prophets*, clear the Stage;
Enter the *Aſſ* again, who (though he Kneel
Unto the *Higher Powers*) lifts up his Heel
Againſt all thoſe who make Gods houſe a Den
Of *Clergy Thieves*; Have at them once agen.
-----But hark; I hear a *Countrey pariſh* cry,
"Were ever *Chriſtians* in ſuch *ſlavery?*
"Muſt we be taught by an *Illiterate Bear*?
"He preach? He'l only teach our boyes to *ſwear*.
----Is then your *prieſt* a *ſwearer?* Hah----muſt he
That taunts a Biſhop, taſte a *pillory*?

And 'tis but Juſt and Right; Yet who controules
Him who blaſphemes the *Biſhop* of our *Soules?*
What? *Is* an *oath* leſſe *penal* than a *word?*
Or is the *ſervant* greater then his *Lord?*
No; *He that ſweares commits the fouler ſin,*
And more deſerves to looſe his eares then——
——'Tis true, *ſeditious ſpirits*, that Deny
Obedience to the *ſacred Hierarchy*,
Merit ſeveare Correction, let them ha't;
They are *Diſturbers* both of *Church* and *State*;
Yet *Prelats Zeal* would be much better ſhown
In ſtriking Gods *offenders* then their own.
---Nay, *Gods* are *theirs*; for he that wears *lawn ſleeves*,
Like *Chriſt* is murder'd 'twixt a brace of Theeves,
Both ſhew their *enmity*, but divers wayes,
The *Presbyter Denyes*, but *This betrayes*;
Now tell me (*gentle Reader*) which were Greater,
The *ſin* of *Judas*, or the *crime* of *Peter?*
------Then let the *Biſhops* caſt them out, for thus
They do but *Juſtice* to themſelves and us;
Like the wiſe *Mariners*, who, to appeaſe
The fury of the Raging winds and Seas,
Threw *Jonas* over-board; ſuch was his ſin,
There was no *Cannon Law* to keep him in.
Nor is it Reaſon *all* ſhould be maintain'd
I'th *Church*, who took *Degrees*, and were *Ordain'd*;

For

For he that after proves a *Drunken beaſt*,
Degrades himſelf from *Man*, much more from *prieſt*.
And ſuch they were who caus'd our Bloudy War,
When *Levy*'s Tribe were kick'd by *Iſſacar*;
For though *Men* ſpeak with a *not ſo my Sons*,
Yet God reprov'd them with the voice of *Guns*.
Phanaticks, thoſe *Philiſtims*, wan the field,
Whilſt our *poor Iſrael* was forc'd to yield;
For *Eli*'s *boyes* had loſt the *Ark of God*,
Each *Phinehas* begat an *Ichabod*.
Then *Oh ye Biſhops*, heal theſe ſad diſaſters,
We do not call for *Rectors* but for *Paſtors*.
A Prieſt ſhould lead his pariſh *as a guide*,
Not *leap upon* their *galled backs* and *ride*,
For 'tis our *Mother Churches grand diſgrace*,
That theſe *black patches ſtick upon her face*.

Written by *Lewis Griffin*.

O B-

OBSERVATION.

After his promiſe of this paper, to ſhew his honeſt intentions in the former; he would have you to believe (if there be any man ſo credulous) that he hath been a conſtant lover of Epiſcopacy: and no great wonder; for indeed he is a ſubtle Aſſe, *and for a maintenance would eaſily be brought, not only to kiſſe a* Common-prayer book, (*or* cant a homily, as he calls it) *but willingly to embrace the* Turkiſh Alcoran; *and for a new ſuit or cloak, ſhall unſay all his former belief in his old Father* Cromwell; *ſuch is his eſtabliſhment in his principles. In ſumme, whoever reads over both his papers, ſhall ſee him not only like* Balaam's Aſſe *complaining againſt* Balaam; *but like the* Aſſe *in the Lyons skin, ſuppoſing himſelf the Lyon, braying forth nothing but ſcandal and ſedition, thinking thereby to affright thoſe that hold not the ſame opinion with him: and all under a pretence of zeal to holineſſe of life, which he himſelf does ſeldome practice.*

Ba-

Balaam's ASSE Cudgell'd.

Or the Cry of TOWN and COUNTREY AGAINST Scandalous and Seditious Scriblers.

WHat ailes the *Asse*? How comes the *Beast* to whine?
Ha's a been bred among King *Pharaohs* Kine?
Has the wet spring spoil'd all the Corn and Grasse?
That all the Countrey cannot keep an *Asse*?
He cries for *bread*, as if Duke *Humphreys* Ghost
This twenty yeares and more had been his *host*;
Will no man tye him up, but let him range,
Thus to disturb the *City* and the *Change*?
But this is a *Religious Asse*, and cryes
"*O give him Bread of Life, or else he dyes.*
A subtle Asse, for well 'tis understood
He even thinks as much of Heavenly food
As the poor Taylor, when he wants a *Roni*
To fill his belly, thinks upon his *Soul*.
You *Asse in boots*, if *Cromwel* or the *Rump*
Had giv'n thee but a *Living*, had been plump,
Thou would'st have blest 'em, and have been the man
For maintenance to kisse the *Alcoran*.

I know not where a *Homily* is read
But, friend, a Homily is dainty bread.
The Brewers grains out of a nasty *Tub*,
Is fitter food for such a swine or Cub.
Lawn sleeves and *Cassocks* cannot please the Gizzard
Of this seditious scandalizing *Wizard*;
Yet he pretends Canonical to be,
But *Bell* and *Dragon* is as much as he.
'Tis not the *soul* of *this seditious sinner*,
That makes him bite, his belly wants a dinner;
And there's a reason for it I can tell ye,
Sometimes *ill manners* makes an *empty belly*.
To throw *Seditious scribles* to the view
Of such a *sick* and *giddy-headed crew*
As we have now amongst us, who by flirts
Change their Religions oftner than their shirts,
Does argue one that doth employ his pate
To bring *confusion* on the *Church* and *State*.
The naked *Indians* would have scorn'd to be
So rudely barbarous to their *Bramini*.
The Asse that State malevolence doth brew,
Deserves a bridle, and a Halter too.
Are these the men of God? Doth this behaviour
Adorn the *Gospel* of our *God* and *Saviour*?
Religious Renegadoes! Who to patch
Their broken desperate fortunes daily watch
Another opportunity, to bring
A second ruine on the *Church* and *King*.
You closely jerk at learned *Laud*, but see
All *Laud is given to God*, all shame to thee:

Had

Had he but ſeen thy *Crocodilian* teares,
The *Hang-mans Cat* had eat thy *Aſſes* eares.

God ſave King CHARLES, and keep him from the ſleight
Of ſuch Reformers as in *Forty Eight.*

Rob. Chamberlain.

OBSERVATION.

READER, Perhaps you may as well as I wonder that men of almoſt all ſorts, as here you find them, ſhould have ſuch ſmall employment, as to buſie their brains in cudgelling a poor ſilly Aſſe *from one to another: and in my opinion render themſelves all ſuch; and more eſpecially the Author of this, (Sexton or pariſh-Clark, call him which you pleaſe.) Sure his Pariſh is very ſmall, he is ſo needy, that he will* Papiſt *like, ſell you prayers for ſixpence a dozen; or his Burials and Chriſtnings not many in the year, that he muſt* Poet-*like, write a Pamphlet, for money to by food for the* Aſſe, *and cloak it over with zeal.*

CUR

Cur Percuſsiſti?

OR

BALAAM

REPROVED

For Cudgelling the Aſſe.

ALas! the Aſſe is Cudgel'd in good ſadneſſe
Why ſo I Pray? To ſhew the Prophets madneſſe.
Patron of ſcandal and of ignorance;
From which we prayed a deliverance.
This was the ſum of the Petition,
Which guilty *Balaam* termes ſedition
Who, but a ſoul empty of grace, and reaſon
Would think this cry preparative to treaſon?
At vices orthodox the poor Aſſe greives:
Not at the Caſſocks or the rev'rend ſleeves,
Theſe, are by Canon *decent*, yet I ſhall
Think conſtant preaching more Canonicall.
Are *Miters*, *Caſſocks*, of ſo neer a kin
To ſloth and drunkenneſſe that beaſtly ſin,
That who the Clergy warnes theſe ſins to flee,
Doth mean, Biſhops and Prieſts there, muſt not be?

The Crown and Mitre are ſo haply twiſted,
The laſt infring'd, the firſt is then reſiſted.
But both with equal zeal diſown they do
Factious Preachers, and bibbing Readers too.
Where's the ſedition then? 'tis in a diſh
Cook't up, yes the water turns Pork to Fiſh.
Ill manners 'tis ſure, ſoft, the man's well bred,
His belly is not empty, but his head.
Foul Patriot, ſcandal and vices ſupport,
Kickt by an Aſſe, thou put'ſt him into Court.
A Prieſt wel drench't, the Conſtable did ſeize on,
Twas cry'd, hold factious Officer, 'tis treaſon.
At length the Priſ'ner ſweares, 'twas ſaid, ſwear on,
This Pariſh is full of ſedition.
Tis an Eſſay to Church and States confuſion,
To ſhew the *Laicks* grief or *Prieſts* colluſion,
There needs no *Cham*, theſe ſecrets to betray,
Darkneſſe can't hide what's done in the mid-day.
Is this the man of God? or is he ſent
To drink and ſwear, for th' Goſpels ornament?
Reviv'd *impieties*, Black mouth'd *debaucherie*,
Ne're can be whit'ned with thy Poetry,
Unhappy *ſoleciſme*, when was it true
That *Sins* ruine would make the *State* to rue,
Or *Church?* whoſe noble growth and laſting age,
Decay of *vice* increaſe of *grace* preſage.
Arm then (ye *Mitred Lords*) be cloth'd with power,
Full charge your *Canons* and then let them Roar
Gainſt *ſcandall*, *Ignorance*, and *Lazineſſe*,
Gainſt *ſaucy pride*, and *factions peeviſhneſſe*.

Hophni

Hophni and *Phinehas*, their fatal doom,
Should ſtartle thoſe that ſucceed in their room
The Sacrifice was then abhorr'd, they'r ſlaine,
Eli falls too, 'cauſe he did not reſtrain.

Long live King *Charles*, proſper in grace & glory,
Let's Name be written in Eternal Story.

By H. G.

OBSERVATION.

THis Author writing a paper of verſes which he is aſham'd to own; ſets two letters of a name (we know not whether his own or no) that we ſhould not know where to find him; but yet we may well gueſſe at him, if we obſerve the character formerly given of their faction, that he is of the tribe of Adoniram; - *A zealous* R-----, *who to ſave his Bacon ſhall make twenty recantations; and for preferment, change his Religion oft'ner than his ſhirt; and is almoſt as near a kinſman to a* K-------- *as a Covenanter to a Scotchman.*

The

The Asse *beaten for* Bawling;

OR, A

REPLY

FROM

THE CITY

TO

The Crie of the Country.

To Smectimnuus, *the Club of Divines, or Divines of the Club.*

TO you, because you are one manifold,
A twisted Halter, and because w'are told
You understand the nonsence of the Cryers,
As they doe your's, send we that are Replyers.
Take up your Colts, you know them by their mark,
Bid them give audience, that is stand and hark.
Fleabitten Gray with your out-lying eares,
The *KINGS Disturbers*, and *Gods Pillagers*,
Baule not, but hear the Crys of millions dead,
Our bloud has been your drink, our flesh your bread.
And are your maws too tender for the stones
Of the now Priest that could eate Churches once
Complain ye now of Canting ye Jack Daws
That set Religion to a tune *The Cause*;
Ye wolves Synodicall, self-Hallowing Cast,
If ye could pray ye should, so ye would fast.

Our Church is like to fall into the Myre
If ſhe muſt follow ſuch a fatuus fire,
Dark Lanthorn lights, ſuch whoſe well-ſhadow'd ſin
Begun the Dance that Cuſhind *Cromwell* in.
Miſtake us not, we doe not meane thoſe zealous
And tender ſoules, that fearing ſtill, were jealous:
Who ſet the Kingdome all o'fire, and made
No conſcience what *CHARLES* ſuffred, how betray'd.
Let ſuch have double honour, Capitol Geeſe,
'Cauſe they'l be gagling, Pulpits two a peice,
But this we like not that ye ſtand and bark
To keep the wearied Dove out of the Ark:
And that your tender conſcience brooks not giving
The Prieſt his Church, now you have had his living,
For he poor Man ſhall not injoy't he fears
So many months, as ye have had it years.
I but the Ravens come too, and they'l croke
So that a ſecond judgment they'l provoke.
'Twas the firſt turn'd them out, what follows then?
The next muſt be your comming in agen.
Where are your wits? get you again to Schoole
Ther's a ſcourge for you, and a pretty toole
With a Chriſ-croſs in't, There when you have been (ſin
Well whip'd and ſcourg'd for this your modern
Of ſimple rayling at the Men of God,
I'll take a care for burning of the Rod

Till

Till then be not so mad I pray thee *Smec.*
To let such Coxcombs break the Church's neck;
God and the King's a book that doth concern,
The Preacher, that would others teach, to learn;
'Tis not their splaymouth nor their hoboy nose
Their hums and haus, and such like forms as those
We quarrel at, nor black Caps set in print
On the notch'd Poll, there may be nothing in't
These fooleries we allow but yet a Saint
Is not cut out of every one doth cant;
Were Arrogance and Faction wanting, how
Should Ignorance take blockheads from the Plow
And arme them back and breast against their King?
These graces are thy Saints *Smec.* That's the thing
Which blooming Peartree makes his Livery
Mouth indefatigable, were all such as He!
Now pardon us good *Smec.* we do not this
To make the *Presbyter* seem as he is
A zealous R-------nor do we disown
Or hate his ways that levell at a Throne
But as we would, *Rome* should not tyrannize,
And be our selves a *Rome* put in disguise:
And ev'ry Man a Pope in his precinct,
Nor shall the *Scotch* Kirk think to be distinct
But truckle under us; duly we and truly.
For *Bishops* pray, that they would be unruly.
And to our holy work put their own hand,
Promoting the distractions of the Land.
For to speak truth, we cannot weare a bridle,

And ſuffer others preach and we ſtand idle:
Nor is it poſſible we ſhould agree
Unleſs we can have *Biſhops*, ſuch as we
That would Prieſts rayling make & factious too,
With whom good *Ceſar* knows not what to do.
Men free from charity, and love of peace
Smec. if thou leav'ſt us any, leave us theſe
That robbing *Peter*, and not paying *Paul*
We may get, what? why ee'n the Divel and all
But now, this very hour the world muſt end,
Take no more care for Sunday Pudding friend.
Nor as was done in dayes of the Protector
Ninteen probationers preach for one Lecture
The deep Soraction ſnow muſt now turn black
Dark be yee dazling Lamps, *Phœbus* go back
And fetch thy mourning Cloak, the Moon bow die
Fire cannot burn, nor Round-heads cannot lye.
Earth ſhift thy Poles and thaw the *Muſcovites*,
In the *Armenian* planes. And now the Lights
Are out, let all things to confuſion tumble,
And rudely like the family conjumble.
They may beget an Aſſe, *Styx* will ſo arme,
And freeze, that he ſhall feel *Lawd* but lukewarme.
Of whom the Brethren that conformed not
All in his time, cry'd out he was too Hot.

God ſave K. *CHARLES* and keep him from the clutches
Of him that at the KING'S Religion grutches.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOw, to this railing Asse more shall be spoke,
When he has got a Living or a Cloak,
Only this Country's mouse feeds in our Cubboards,
And brings his Cry no further then the Suburbs.
Advertisements and Supplements w'ave read,
He looks to's Eares, we must look to our Head.
Now no more Mumming sirrah, d'off your Vizzard,
Know we have eyes can pierce into your Gizzard.
By stroaking of our Beards you are not like,
To make us be secure and let you strike
He that calumniates the meaner sort,
Looks ill on all, and ought to suffer for't.

BY

EDM. COOPER

Of *Limestreet*, Doctor of Physick.

OBSERVATION.

THE Doctor *thinking himself an honester man than the rest, must be seen in Print too; but we suppose the main end of his publishing this, was, having liv'd long in obscurity, and not having much practise, to let the World understand that there is such a* Physician, *(like a Quack-salver that sets up his Bils on Posts) writes* The Asse *beaten for bauling, by* Edmond Cooper *of Limestreet Dr. of Physick; that thereby he may gain Patients, and become famous, and so when his names up, he may lye in Bed till noon.*

WORK

WORK FOR COOPER,

Or a Bone for the

Doctor to pick.

Being an Answer to a Scurrilous Pamphlet, Entituled

The Asse beaten for Bawling.

To Dr. Edm. Cooper.

TO you Sir, 'cause you're of those *shallow brains*,
That prize a *Gem* below two *barly grains*,
That like the *Dunghill cock*, rather confine
Your Spirits to a *Jakes*, then seek a *Mine*,
Who breath nought else but an opinion Nurst
By *Ecchoes* then your selves far more accurst.
Degenerate Racelo's *vice* find *pleaders* then,
England breed those will *vindicate a sin*?

Is *piety?* Is all *Religion* fled,
Swearing and *Drunkenneſſe* come in their ſtead?
And can there *Advocates* for them too be?
Sad world! but pray Sir who gave you your fee?
We know you uſe to take it, and perhaps,
Promiſe the *Cure*, but breed an *After-lapſe*; (vail
'T has been the *Empericks Trade:* but how you
Your *plot?* how cunningly you ſeem to rail
Againſt *Smectimnuus*, that you might Excuſe
Two horrid Sins, *God* and your *ſelf* abuſe.
An Eaſie Judgement might have led you Sir,
To have underſtood the *Aſſe* without this ſtir;
But now I find he has more wit than you,
Indeed I've known Aſſes *been* Doctors *too.*
Had not your *Violent love* too ill reſtrain'd
Your *Sence:* You might have found that he declaim'd
Not againſt *Things* but *Vices: Church* and *State*
I know he honours, 'twas his *zealous* hate
To wickedneſſe, that gain'd him your ill will,
Oh may he gain it, and increaſe it ſtill.

But Sir to clear that *Judgement* is ſo weak,
It underſtands not what an *Aſſe* does ſpeak.
Pray let me tell you, and 'tis what I know
The *Church* of *England* doth to ſuch men owe,
Such men as writ that *Aſſe*: whoſe *pious ſoules*
Although they can't digeſt your full *brim'd bowls*
Nor *Thunder* out your *Ranting Oaths*, yet be
As *Faithful* to the *Church*, the *Liturgy*,
Honours the *Biſhops*, and the *Hierarchy*,
Pray they in truth, may th' *Churches Fathers* be.
And tell me Sir if you would count him rather,
Of a *lov'd child*, the more *Indulgent Father*,

Who

Who gives his ill-inclining Son a free
Swinge in *Vice*, till he kiſſe the *Gallow-tree*:
Or he gives due *Correction*, who though leſſe
Loving he ſeems, yet leads to *Happineſſe*.
But Mr. Doctor, ſince y'ave ſhow'd your *wit*,
And cauſe y'are come in print think y'ave hit
On a *fine cunning pretty nibling ſtrain*.
Pray give me leave to tell you ſome things plain:
Firſt, *y'are an Aſſe*; but that I think you know,
And therefore let the *World* know ſo much too,
Elſe thus much *Ignorance* you had ne're *betray'd*,
Nor publickly your *Folly* had *diſplai'd*. (*tell*,
Ther's ſomething *worſe* behind which I ſhould
But may *conceal* it ſince 'tis ſeen ſo well,
Yet it ſhall out, for I'le ne're be a ſlave
To my own thoughts, *I think too y'are a Knave*:
Or elſe you do bely your ſelf, for he
That pleads for *Vice* ſmells rank of *Knavery*.
But Sir, in ſome part we may you excuſe,
For whilſt men *beſtially* themſelves abuſe
By *Gorging*, till they *belch* it up again, (*gain*.
Th'advance your *trade*, and thus you plead for
In ſum, Sir, know, the time will one day come,
The *Aſſe* may freely ſpeak when *Balaam*'s dumb.
Such *Balaams* as your ſelf, by *wealth* made bold,
Who ſtrangely hording up your *heaps* of *gold*,
Grow *proud*, *imperious*, *ſcurrilous*, and then
Count *poverty* a *crime* in *vertuous men*.
(*Claws*,
God ſave King *Charles*, & keep him from their
Who *pray* for him, *yet plead againſt his Laws*.

John Dauncey.

O B-

OBSERVATION.

THis Dauncey would have us to believe that he is a brother as holy, and as pious as any of the reſt: but, Reader, before you paſſe your verdict, I would intreat you to take this ſhort character which I heare of him along with you, and then cenſure what he writes accordingly. Firſt, he is a man of ſo giddy hairbrain'd a nature, and ſo ſhallow of apprehenſion, that without fear or wit, he runs headlong, and takes hold of the Aſſes Author's ſleeve, and there he will pin his faith; ſo much does he underſtand what Religion is. His learning, wit, and manners agree very well in conſort, they are all ſo ſmall. He is a ballad Poet, having for his pay ten groats a ballad, and a pot of Ale: a fellow of no reckoning. To conclude, he is the Common Spunge to the Society of Stationers, who feed him with a bit and a knock; yet is he better fed then taught, for he would make you believe that his impudence is pure piety and holineſſe.

A

A DOSE
FOR
CHAMBERLAIN,
AND
A PILL
FOR THE
DOCTOR,

Being an Anſwer to two Scurrilous Pamphlets, written againſt the Author of

The Aſſes *Complaint*, &c.

WHat ailes this *bawling puppy* thus to prate?
I think the Genius of *Billingſ-gate*
Hath lately crept into his *ſoul*; Alas!
That *City Dogs* ſhould bait the *Countrey Aſſe*?

And

And doth the *beast* ſtand ſilent whilſt this Pro-
ctor
For *Baal* and *Balaam*, with the buſie *Doctor*
Jerk his dull ſides; and not ſo much as *Kick*
The *Sexton*, nor the *Piſs-pot Emperick*?
'Tis ſtrange he *ſpeaks* not, Is his back ſo *ſtrong*
To bear *abuſes*, that he holds his *tongue*?
Come, I'le bee's *Oratour*, for in ſome *caſes*
The *Lawyers* uſe to plead for none but *Aſſes*.
Now what ſays *Chamberlain*, that *pamphlet-*
monger,
What do'ſt thou tell the *ſilly Aſſe* of *Hunger*?
Should he (*like thee* turn *pariſh Clerk*, and cozen
Poor ſouls, and *ſell* his *prayr's ſix pence a dozen*,
Dine upon *Midwifes fees*, and *greaſe* his *chaps*
With *Goſſips charity* and *Female ſcraps*, (fraught,
Then would his *paunch* like thine, be quickly
And men would ſay, *he's better fed then taught*.)
Thou Prieſt in *Gingerbread*, ſhould he but *plead*
For *Drunken ſots* that cannot *preach* but *read*,
Such as thy ſelf, O then the *foul-mouth'd whelp*
Would fawn upon the *Aſſe*, and ceaſe to *yelp*.
Then peace thou *Journyman* o'th *Reading pew*,
Tell us not of a giddy-headed crew
Of ſick-brain'd *Sectaris*, for all men know
'Twas ſuch as *Chamberlain* that made them ſo;
Dumb dogs drive out their *pariſhes*, to Roam;
He needs muſt *beg* that hath no *bread* at *home*,
But ſtay, I know what Sir *John* doth intend;
He'd have the *Biſhops* take him for their friend;
Devils pretences, alwayes were divine;
A Knave may have an Angel for his ſign;

But

But *Reader*, take it on a *Chriſtians* word, (*Lord*;
When ſuch men kiſſe, they'l ſoon *betray* their
But ſtay, what means the *Doctor*? has he left
His *Legal murther* and his *Venial theft*,
His plotting with his *Druggeſt* and the *Nurſe*,
Not for to *purge* the *body*, but the *purſe*.
And turn'd a *Satyriſt*? I'de thought the man
Had been confin'd unto a *Cloſe-ſtool pan*,
But 'tis a mad world when *Hell* breaks looſe, and
That is a *Quack*, talks of *Divinity*; (he
Then leave your ſcribling *ſirrah*, ſend your *verſes*
Into your patients to wipe their A——
The *Aſſes Author* ſcorns to *ſtroak* your *beard*,
Hee'l *foul* his *hands* that meddles with a T——
Heaven keep this City from *Quacks alving knaves*
That ſend *ſound men* to their *untimely graves*.

Here did I think to make an end, but hark,
I have one *word* more to the *Pariſh Clark*;
Let *preachers* ſay *God ſave King Charles*, and then,
'Twill be your Cue Sir *Clark* to ſay, Amen.

William Cook.

O B-

OBSERVATION.

According to this Gentleman's own Confession, we must believe him to be a Lawyer, (alias *Lawyers Clark*) *who having of late too frequently used that most renowned part of the City, call'd* Ram Ally *and there consum'd the greatest part of the Fees he gain'd last Term; betakes himself this long Vacation to write Pamplets, thinking thereby to recruit the Vacancy of money which his pockets have long endur'd by reason of his extravagancy. And being now in a mad mood, he resolves with might and main, and with as much impudence as ever his Namesake at* Westminster-Hall *had, to scandalize honester men then himself, and with open mouth vilifies those men, who do scorn that such polluted lips should have the honour to kisse their posteriors.*

DO

Doctor Cooper *at*

WORK

UPON

DAUNCEYS BONES,

AND

Cook licking his Fingers

AFTER HIS

DOSE AND PILL.

O For the *Doctor's lines*, or *Cleveland's*, *Dauncey*
To truss thee in, how bravely would I haunse thee,
Then like a Jack o' *Lent* the first of *March*,
In *Cuerpo* thou should'st hang under some *Arch*,
There to be play'd on by the wind, and noise
Of *Fish-wives*, *Orange-wenches*, and the *Boyes*.
Was't not enough the brethren felt his whip
So smart and keen, but he must make thee skip
Thou Jackanapes? think'st thou, thou piteous elf,
To draw his anger on thy single self,

And

And reſcue ſo a number? foul-mouth no,
You are beneath him, hee's more worth than ſo.
Lord, what a holy thing is want of clothes,
How it keeps *Balladers* from drink and oaths!
When there's no more to pawn, an oath were vain,
Your words will go as far in *Chart'r'ouſe* lane.
Thou ſeem'ſt boy to have taken his advice
And gone to ſchool agen, and thou art wiſe
In doing ſo, thou may'ſt be of his ſtables,
Th'art at the Dunghill now in *Æſop's Fables*.
Your mine's Hell deep, we give a gueſſe what's in't,
Poets w'are ſure ſend nothing to the mint.
W'are pleas'd to ſee you wince, y'ave a gauld hide,
Your own breath ſtinks when 'tis to you apply'd.
If your own words reſounded be accurſt,
Your meaning was not wholſome at the firſt.
Mark how this ſaucy *Raſcal* 'gins his prate,
As though the Doctour were an advocate
Of foul debauchery: when in no mans hearing
He ever ſpoke of drunkenneſſe or ſwearing;
Nor thinks there can be ſuch a ſin in faſhion
I'th Clergy, 'ts hatch'd in your Imagination:
There 'tis ye ſlanderous villains that ye frame
An odious abuſe, and then declame.
So *I* have ſeen a Coward draw his ſword
Againſt a Poſt, and every blow a word;
Now if thou wer't a man, I'de have thee here,
And then again he cryes I'de have thee there.

Bring forth your *swearers*, and your *drunkards* too,
Or on my word this Knight o'th post are you.
I a've a *Physician* that without perhaps
Shall cure your mouth secure of *after claps*.
Down o' your knees, thank God, and thank me too,
'Tis well, 'tis well, now *Gallows* claim thy due;
And when the Surgeons chest has brought you sir
Back from that tree, into their Theatre,
The Doctor for a Lecture shall not stick,
To send your bones unto the Devil to pick.
You might have seen, had you been so inclin'd,
(But as the saying is, *hasty Currs are blind*)
The *Doctor* knew your *Asse's* meaning sir,
And needs not you for an Interpreter.
We like no coxeing friend, nor ever will,
Joab and *Judas* both did kisse and kill.
Had *Griffin* bray'd against a man or two,
Or on a County where such things they do,
His Libel might have gone untax'd: but now
To write at randome thus, and to allow
A roving Kite with full spread wings to fly
Over the Nation, carrying infamy
Thus undetermin'd; *Dauncey* 'tis too much,
Ill minds conclude the *Clergy* all are such.
This mischief he has done, and as we mention,
We had but's own word for his good intention.
This has your pious soul done, that can't drink
You say, but shall *I* tell you what *I* think?
What *I* have heard? *Dauncey* I will take leave,
For all your *affidavit*, t'undeceive

My silly Countrymen, who live in doubt
Some Minister of worth set this Cry out;
Whose spirit bleeds within him for the sin
That yet the people, and the Clergy's in.
But come chear up my hearts, 'tis no such matter
This fellow in Divinity does but smatter,
Hangs on the *Presse*, and as his learning's small,
His pay's ten groats a ballad, and some Ale:
Which not one Stationer alone does pay for,
But all the Crowd, which he goes first to stay for;
The Common spunge, a fellow of no reck'ning,
Shall follow you to an Alehouse but for beck'ning.
And be brought out agen perhaps. But How!
What do I see, *Dauncey*, the grizly brow
Of Goblin *Truth*, Fathers in *Truth*, the thing
Undid the Church, and cut the throat o'th King?
Choak us no more you R---with your minc'd meat,
Fathers, feed's at discretion, we will eat,
I and give thanks too for your institution,
And call you fathers without diminution,
Conservers of Gods Oracles, bring these fellows
Truth to confesse, where they should do't to th' Gallows.
And mark it *Dauncey*, see how thou art catch'd,
As if thine own lye to betray th'adst watch'd;
When with comparison thou would'st up-cry
The faith of *Griffin*, As hath no reply.
But Mr. *Dauncey*, now y'ave shew'd your lack
Of wit and art, let me again go back,

And

And view the ſubject of your declamation
Not againſt things, but vices O this Nation.
Are vices nothing? and's all this ado
Made about nothing, by you Puppies two.
Now you begin to belch up your diſgrace,
And ſpit foul Language in the *Doctor's* face;
VVhat are you proud of, that you thus be-*Aſſe*
us,
And knave us bluntly, is't Land in *Parnaſſus*?
Who would not ſwear you'r drunk? it is no ruth
To conſcience for a man to ſwear the Truth.
Would'ſt thou know what thou art? thou canſt
not miſs't,
In the firſt Chapter of the *Alchymiſt*,
Where *Subtle*, *Doll*, and *Face* do ſeem to me
Rayling, to conjure for a name for thee.
There read thy ſelf, th'are thine all, and if't be
Thy chance to ſcape a ſadder deſtiny,
When with the *Stationers* thou haſt ſuck'd ſo long
Scot-free of Ale, as t'other has, whoſe tongue
Thou now defendeſt, mayſt thou by good prayers
Riſe by degrees, from Link-boy, to the Players;
To be their book-keeper, and then grown bold,
Upon thy parts, when thou art blind and old,
Preſume to write a play in thy laſt age,
And have it baſely hiſs'd off o' the ſtage,
For which thy heart muſt break, if it break not
This minute, for thus having play'd the Sot.
We are ingenuous, and do not deride
Your poverty, you Knaves, no, but your pride;
And cannot chooſe but laugh, to ſee the *Saints*
Have drunken Atheiſts to defend their plaints.

So *exit Dauncey*. ——Now comes *Cook* in fury,
Lick-ſpit o'th Law: ſpeak ſirrah to the Jury,
There you may find a dozen of the name
You give the Doctor, (Caterpillar of fame:)
Beat me this Buckram Rogue, *Falſtaffe*, to ſeven,
Nay if thou wilt, beat him into eleven,
And if they have no better manners then,
Send them to me, I'le beat them all agen.
Knaves that do nought but quirk upon his Calling,
And quit their cauſe; 'tis time the Aſſe left bawling.

Martial. Ep.
Dic tandem aliquid de tribus Capelliſ.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Thought I'ad finiſh'd *William* now, but hark
I'ave commendations to thee from the Clark
Fogg in Rye dough, thou image of a Lawyer,
Fitter to make a Carman, or a *Sawyer*,
Much more then ord'nary appears in you,
Plead you for Aſſes, and are Aſſes too?
Muſt Readers preach; has the Church no degree
Nor order? *Scribes* go take the Lawyers fees.
Hell's where confuſion is, and rotten ſpeech,
The Lawyer took's own pill, and ſpoke at's breech.
The journey-pew ſupplyes his need, as 'tis,
Pray get your Aſſe a pulpit to ſerve his.

He will not be the first Asse that e're spoke
Out of one, and got by't a suit and cloak.
I wish thy libel might have pleas'd where't came,
And that thou'dst had a more auspicious name
At *Westminster Hall* Gate, hee'l see that looks,
What's to be thought of disaffected *Cooke*,
God blesse King *Charles*, so that he ne'er agen
Be troubled with such *Rogues*, speak Clark, Amen

Now stroake the *Doctor*'s beard, ye Libel flingers
And if ye foule your hands, *Cooke* lick your fingers.

By *Nat. Wildoe.*

OBSERVATION.

THE *Doctor fearing that his Name would not be far enough spread by his former paper; and being altogether unwilling to lay down the bucklers, and acquiesce under the calumnies cast upon him by*

Daun-

Dauncey *and* Cook, *enters again, though not himself, yet by proxy; and endeavours to clear himself by characterizing them; and although he seem to do it never so well, yet let him know, that he was not possest of over much wisdome when he* beat the *Asse* for bawling; *for if he had had but patience, in short time he might have seen the* Asses *Author recant, and Cudgell himself for his Foolery.*

FINIS.